

HOLBORN HILL.

RESPECTED FRIEND,—Albeit many persons may consider it unseemly that a sister of the community of Friends should address the public in print, I feel that thou wilt pardon the intrusion, seeing that I belong also to the Society for the Protection of Quadrupedal Animals, and that it is for the purpose of mending our ways and of abating an evil of long hiding amongst us, which has caused much suffering to the useful, over-wrought, and noble creature, the horse.

Within the confines of the City there lieth a vale, intermediate between Holborn and Newgate-street, which I shall call the "Vale of Wails and Woes;" on one side the steep called Holborn Hill riseth at a sharp incline of pavement; on the other the no less precipitous elevation called Snow Hill: this being the greatest thoroughfare for omnibuses in the metropolis, the surface is worn to a polish so smooth that the jaded creatures harnessed to carriages of a ton weight, freighted with a load of mortality (of, say, twenty persons) equal to 30 cwt. more, are pushed downward on the descent, and drawn backwards on the ascent.

Hadst thou seen yesterday the torments inflicted under a burning sun, and in a close atmosphere, on a pair of poor over-wrought and nearly worn-out, *bas horres*, covered with sweat and dust, their crests and withers wrung, all but fainting, when the wretched animals, protruding their fixed limbs, slipped onward, resisting the descent, and then when at the bottom (the skid having been removed) the driver flogging the struggling creatures, thy blood must have curdled like mine: they wrestled with the load against the hill, until, totally exhausted, they turned round, their heads imploringly to the merciless Jehu, and were fairly dragged back: one slipped his bridle, and looked as though, in the piercing eloquence of his agony, he would have said,—*"is there no mercy?"*

This cruelty has been in practice ever since the causeway across the Fleet Ditch to Holborn was paved—*chance* to the corporators of London, for it is within their privileges.

Now, although a woman, and no engineer, a thought struck me that a remedy is easy for the redress of so great and constantly recurring inhumanity to beasts.

The Greenwich line of railway is the model which I would recommend for a *viaduct*, *central in the street*, sufficient for a double line of carriages, with a paved causeway on either side, and for such a route 30 feet would suffice. This would leave on one side, beneath, a sufficient carriage-way for a double line, and on both sides a width of footway equal to that now existing. The arches *beneath* might be left open for intercommunication between the present ground stories or shops, which for pedestrians might serve as appropriated to modes of business of the more retired or obscure nature; whilst those upper stories, on the level of the upper or elevated new causeway might be approached by light galleries or bridges, as from the new viaduct: thus a double value must be conferred on the houses most sunken beneath the proposed line of traffic, and in no part of the line need the altitude of the route rise above the second floor. A glance of my eye along the frontage from the top of the hill, a little below Ely-place, to the hill on the other side, at the end of Newgate-street, palpably showed me the proper level, according to my mode of (what thou wilt call) very civil engineering.

Should my suggestion, simple though it be, be rejected for its simplicity, then will I give thee another, which, on account of the modern taste for expense and kickshaws, may find more favour with great Gothic architects. Here, then, thou hast it:—Set or lay down two double lines of exceeding smooth iron rails. Upon each of these I would place a moving platform to receive an omnibus or any other wain (horses, carriages, passengers, and all): when the whole is barred in and secured by strong stanchions, then draw a bolt and let the convoy gravitate to the bottom, just in the manner exemplified by our ingenious neighbours the Parisians in their *montagnes Russes*: the impetus acquired by the descent will take

them in six or eight seconds of time across the dread hollow to the opposite side, where they may be freed and suffered to pursue their way rejoicing.

My plan of the arched causeway will admit of a bridge or large arch across Farringdon-street, but if any of thy scientific correspondents should hit upon some other mode of transit, as at Clifton, by a suspension duct, or by over-ground tunnel, or electric or other manner of propulsion, so that their bridge really do abridge equine suffering, then, in the consciousness of having performed a duty, thy servant shall be content, although her pet project prove abortive, as tendered by

TABITHA QUIET.

CHARGE FOR BUILDERS' ESTIMATES.

BRADSHAW B. MARSHALL.

THE plaintiff in this case is a carpenter, and sought to recover, in the Clerkenwell County Court, 1*l*. 5*s*. as commission, and for loss of time in estimating for a job, which the defendant had promised the plaintiff he should do if he (the defendant) was employed to do it.

The defendant admitted that he requested the plaintiff to give him an estimate for the work, but another party did the job for 25*l*., whereas the plaintiff's estimate was 40*l*.

The plaintiff urged that as defendant had promised him the job, he (the plaintiff) was entitled to be paid for his time in preparing the estimate.

His Honour was of opinion that a party does not enter into an implied contract by merely requesting an estimate, although, as in this case, he may promise the party the job. No person would be safe if the Court were to countenance actions under such circumstances. The plaintiff might as well have asked 50*l*. or 100*l*. as 40*l*., and as there was a marked difference between the sum for which the work was done and that which the plaintiff required for the job, he (his Honour) considered the defendant entitled to his judgment.

THE GREAT CRYSTAL.

Blackwood has just given us an exceedingly clever article, entitled "Voltaire in the Crystal Palace," and fraught with Voltairian shrewdness, sarcasm, and satire, with far more, indeed, of those somewhat bitter, though spicy ingredients, than are likely to recommend it at the present moment. As a pendant to it, some one might now in similar manner resuscitate Thomas Hope, of "household furniture" celebrity, and let him express his opinion as to the turn, or rather the twist, which taste has taken since his time. Strongly may it be suspected, that *elegans spectator formarum* would stand absolutely aghast at some of the specimens of furniture and decorative art (?) exposed at the Great Exhibition. Hardly would he exclaim—"Well met, brave Austria," on beholding what a Bedlamite affair of a bed Austria has sent us,—one apparently concocted and patched up out of old carvings and other odds and ends, put together *secundum artem*, or in plain English, without the slightest artistic intelligence or feeling. And then such—Nay, Mr. Editor, do not knit your brows and frown so: if you think that I am talking treason, I have done. I understand punctuation: I know where to put my stops, and also where to stop. I was going to say, of course, something dreadfully shocking, but no matter now what; and, but for that awful frown of yours, should have gone on to give utterance to something far more shocking still.

You take me to be—now don't you?—a very Bedlamite subject myself. Whether I really am so or not may be left to your readers to determine, for, at all events, and be I whatever or whoever I may, I am your own

ZETA.

P.S.—Seriously speaking, Laputa seems to be by far the largest contributor of articles of taste to the Great Exhibition. What spasmodic invention, what maniac imaginations, what convulsive contortions and writhings, and what truly d— grimaces may be seen in some of the furniture, which, after all, too, so far from displaying originality of design, does not possess so much as novelty, the

design being for the greater part of very second-hand, broker's-shop stamp—no better than a mere jumble of old odds and ends put together and ramped up afresh. Among other wonders, there are, it seems, some specimens of art manufacture in *mutton fat*! O art! how art thou assailed! Possibly, however, there may be some bitter satire lurking there, and the exhibitor may have intended to insinuate that modern art is made of very melting stuff, and is in comparison with ancient art just what a tallow candle is to the sun. Why, sounds! he must be a much wickeder dog than I am myself.

THE SURVEY OF IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.

At a time when so much is being said about the survey of Scotland, it may not be amiss to state a few facts touching the Ordnance survey of Ireland, which, in a humble way, may serve to show the people of Scotland for what they are so eagerly seeking. The Ordnance survey of Ireland was commenced, I believe, in 1823, and has not been as yet completed, it having been found necessary to revise the northern counties. The cost up to the present has been variously stated: in fact, no authentic account has been given of it, and the public are quite in the dark respecting it. As a survey of parish and town-land boundaries, it is in general correct; but it is totally unfit for estate or farm maps, or for road, railway, or any other business requiring a correct survey. As a proof of this, when plans were preparing of the various Irish lines of railway, in the years 1844, '45, and '46, all houses and premises were required to be actually surveyed, the Ordnance survey not being considered sufficiently correct for even parliamentary purposes. The survey of the lines in general was a copy of the Ordnance corrected on the ground; and in the northern counties the corrections required were so numerous as to involve much more trouble than if an actual survey had been made. It is in the revising and correcting of these counties that the Ordnance surveyors are now engaged, and it is impossible to estimate either the time or further expense of the revision.

The much-boasted survey of Dublin, plotted to a scale of 60 inches to the mile, one would think, ought to be correct, from the number of years they have been engaged at it (since 1837), and the quantity of red coats who have innumerable times paraded the streets, apparently revising it; and yet there is not a street without errors, not the less annoying because in some cases trivial.

If at the time the survey of Ireland was commenced it had been entrusted to the legitimate surveyors of Ireland, or the legitimate surveyors of the three kingdoms, it would have been creditably finished many years ago, and, at most, at one-half the expense of the Ordnance survey; but what could be expected from a party of uneducated soldiers, many of whom were by trade weavers, shoemakers, tailors, &c.—all very good in their way, but surely far from being fitted for the profession of land or any other surveying. For my part, if I required a survey or map of any portion of Ireland, I would prefer the trouble of hunting for such maps as Ball's Mayo, Edgeworth's Longford, and Vaughan's, Hyrnes', or Brasington and Gale's surveys; in fact, any survey made by a duly qualified man, in preference to the Ordnance survey.

If the people of Scotland want a faithful survey of their country, they can have it cheaper, better, and in much less time by employing their own native staff of civil engineers and civil surveyors, besides having the pleasing knowledge that they are giving employment to a class of men superior in every way to those who would over-run their country with a heavy tax for a next to useless result. For of what use is the Ordnance survey of Ireland? It is not legal evidence. It is not correct enough for any civil purpose. The only portion that can at all pretend to accuracy is the boundaries,—and who wants them? and if they were wanted even their accuracy is doubtful.

The civil engineers and surveyors of Scot-